





Bon Ingersoll, the celebrated infidel and radical high priest, was once asked to explain how a certain miracle could have been performed if the Author of it was not divine. Said Col. Bob in reply: "The explanation is easy enough. That account of a miracle is all a d—d lie. None ever occurred." Omitting the profanity, the use of which we carefully avoid in these columns, we might with much greater truth than characterizing Col. Bob's response, furnish the same explanation of certain conundrums propounded to us recently by our brother-in-law the craft of the Somerset Republican whose party zeal recently is not tempered by its usual wisdom. To illustrate the character of these conundrums we quote the following: "Why is it that in 1871 it cost only \$282,577 to put \$1,719,012 in the treasury, or 14 cents on the dollar, while in 1875 it cost \$441,075 to put in only \$1,655,977 or 21 cents on the dollar?"

Dr. Franklin, whose sense of humor was equal to his learning, once drolly asked the scientific professors of Paris, why a fish dead outweighed the same fish alive? The philosophers pondered the query for a year or more, each one furnishing a different explanation until the Doctor was finally appealed to for the true reason why the dead fish outweighed the live one. He simply answered: "It doesn't do it."

Is our Bro. mocking us? Or is he simply trying to be droll and funny like Dr. Franklin? We care to charge that so accurate an accountant as the editor of the Republican is known to be, fails to comprehend a plain, tabulated statement of the Auditor; nor do we intimate that the Pulaski Prodigy in figures, who so recently boasted that two-thirds of his party wasn't a d—d nigger, furnished the facts, or rather dealt out the fancies which furnish our brother's mathematical puzzle. Ist. "Why did it cost \$282,577 to put \$1,719,012 in the Treasury, or 14 cents on the dollar?" As Col. Bob says, the explanation is easy. It didn't do it. Come to the blackboard, good friend, and illustrate your mathematics. Show us how you can make 14 cents on the dollar on either the gross or the net sum paid into the Treasury for that year, equal to \$282,577? The republican party has always been considered able in the cardinal rules of addition, multiplication, division and silence, but even Dorey or Steve Elkins, or the widow Pinkerton would gnaw up a State pencil in "don't sum."

You will perceive on perusal of the study that you don't exactly comprehend what is meant by the words "14 per cent" in the right hand column of the tabulated statement of the Auditor on page 19, to which you so kindly and so specially called our attention. Neither is it true as a fact, nor does the statement of the Auditor justify any such deduction, that it cost \$282,577 to put the revenues of '71-2 into the Treasury. The sheriff's commissions were for that year, \$74,943.70. The compensation of Assessors was \$36,063.46. The pay of the Revenue Supervisors \$2,066.00. The fees of the clerks for copying the Assessors' books \$16,124.50. Now add these sums together, according to Ray, part let, and not according to Elkins, Dorey & Co., and we have \$149,197.66—a small difference of over \$133,000, which, however, we admit, is no great matter in republican book-keeping.

"While it cost \$441,075 to put in only \$1,655,977 or 21 cents on the dollar."

Our astonishment grows. The gross amount received into the Treasury for that year was the sum of \$1,750,852.53. But our brother in his indifference to all proper rules of calculation, in order to force a correspondence between his alleged statement of 21 per cent, and this fearful sum of \$441,075, counts against a democratic administration over \$50,000 worth of land sold to the commonwealth and what is still more marvellous, the delinquencies and exonerations of that year amounting to the sum of \$170,156.46. Is this fair; is it just; is it even good morals, leaving out the question of mathematics? Go to, good friend, and study Gow's Morals and Manners, for sale by all respectable druggists or book stores. But what charms us most is the imperturbable serenity with which the democratic party is made responsible for the delinquent tax payers. Who compose at least 90 per cent of this large and interesting body? If specimens are wanted they can be found swarming like flies and stinking like carrion around depots at train time; lounging on street corners and paying occasional visits to pig stys and chicken coops. We do not charge that they compose chiefly that other third of the radical party, of which its chairman and secretary seem a little ashamed, but we do protest that if, by any sort of strange possibility they do belong to that third the democratic party should not be held accountable for their delinquencies.

What then was the cost of paying into the Treasury the revenue for 1875? The sheriff's commissions \$93,598.46; Assessors' \$68,685.65; Revenue Supervisors \$5,733; Clerks for copying Assessors' books \$20,455.46, which makes a total of \$188,503.07, or \$255,572 less than the Republican says it was. No wonder the state is going into bankruptcy at such a break-neck speed, if radical figures are to be relied on. Such methods of calculation would bankrupt the United States in less than a year. Like many other folks, Col. Sellers made large fortunes on paper. His eye water cost him only 50 cents per barrel. He estimated that there were 100,000,000 people in Asia; that every one of them had two sore eyes; and that it would take one bottle to each eye to effect a cure. The bottles could readily be sold at \$2 a piece.

Surely "there was millions in it." Col. Sellers was an optimist as well as a financier. The Republican is a pessimist and a financier. Sellers builds up a tremendous fortune on paper; while on the reverse side of this sheet the Republican goes into beggary and bankruptcy.

Do extremes meet; or is this bit of a saying only a poetic fancy?

We are asked several other questions by the Republican, each of which carries with it, to any man of good sense and common information, its own answer. For instance "Why is an additional tax of 5 cents to be levied to build a branch penitentiary?" We answer how else could it be built? Do you suppose it could be done without money? The resources of the sinking fund can not be constitutionally applied to this expense—though the radical party has never perceived that a constitutional inhibition was an impediment—the revenues of the common schools could not be appropriated, and so there remains but one other source, the revenue proper. Now the Republican certainly should know that one of the cardinal distinctions between a representative democracy and a monarchy is that the latter keeps piles of money hoarded in coffers, because the government is everything and the people nothing, while the former in the administration of its revenue proper, undertakes to keep on hand only so much as is necessary to defray current expenses. The building of a branch penitentiary is a useful thing, but one which the government is not called upon to do more than once or twice in several generations. So it is that in the imposition of taxes no account is taken, except when the exigency arises, of the costs of such works and then when it becomes proper to erect them a tax is bound to be imposed or they remain, as the Republican's bankrupt Treasury, only on paper.

We cannot afford space to go further into detail. The Republican has asked questions and we have answered them. If perchance, there should be a "power behind the throne" who seeks to keep fresh the visions of financial derangement which his fancy detected about two years ago, peering above the political horizon, we trust that he may appropriate the answers to himself.

Meanwhile, being of a timid and retiring disposition, we do not dare anybody to knock a chip off our head. We prefer to write of our local events and short paragraphs of political news, with now and then a line or two of comment; but if other folks are bound to have a dry discussion of figures and financial mismanagement, we will undertake to show, at least, that a kettle has no right to call a pot black face.

As the election occurs Monday we make a last appeal to democrats to vote for the nominee, James W. Tate, for State Treasurer. He is a tried and true man, against whom the breath of scandal has never rested and has managed his office most admirably. He is a straight-out democrat, unlike his opponent, Judge Fox, who claims to be a democrat, but runs on a prohibition platform, while really his candidacy is in the interest of the republicans. Democrats we urge you not to be led captive by so gaudy a scheme to reduce our majority, but go to the polls and show to Mr. Cleveland that Kentucky is still the stronghold of democracy and that we heartily endorse him and his administration, by rolling up an increased majority.

The race of a certain judge is spoken of as a "Fox chase" but if every democrat will go to the polls and vote for Tate, he will feel next Tuesday like he had been in the worst wild goose chase ever recorded. Step right up Monday and vote this ticket: For Treasurer—Jno. W. Tate. For State Senator—Maj. F. D. Rigney. For County Judge, of Lincoln—Hon. Thos. W. Varnon. For Constitutional Convention—Yes.

The citizens of Henderson will celebrate the opening of the Henderson Bridge, built by the L. & N., next Thursday, 6th, in grand style. The programme includes a reception and lunch from 1 to 3 P. M.; carriages and bridge excursions, from 3 to 6; dinner from 6 to 7 1/2; toasts and responses from 7 1/2 to 9; and pyrotechnics from 9 to 11. The committee of invitation kindly offer to furnish free transportation to the invited guests.

For attempt at rape the penalty inflicted by the law is far inadequate, hence the disposition of the people to take the matter in their own hands. Castration should be the penalty and for rape death alone.

GEN. FITZGERALD LEE, a nephew of the great Robert E. was nominated for Governor of Virginia by the democrats on the first ballot and he will be elected beyond peradventure.

MR. CHARLES E. HOGE, of the Mason & Ford Co., Frankfort, sends us a well illustrated catalogue of the chairs and other fine furniture being manufactured by the firm.

#### DRIPPING SPRINGS.

To day we received twenty-five guests, on Tuesday we are to get another crowd and still more to follow on Saturday. We have them here from Kansas City, South Carolina, Louisville and all the local towns and there never was a nicer set of people than those who have been here this season.

Everybody delighted, and say they are coming back next season and bring their sisters, cousins and aunts. Respt. D. G. SLAUGHTER.

P. S. Grand picnic Saturday.

—Monday the citizens of Atlanta Ga., laid the corner stone of a soldiers' monument which is to be 180 feet high, and will cost, as estimated, \$100,000. It will commemorate the soldiers who fought and who fell on either side in the civil war, and near the base of the column will be niches for the statues of Grant and of Lee, of Johnson and of Sherman.

## GEO. O. BARNES.

Visits the Pantheon, the Baths and the Catacombs.

ALWAYS PRAISING THE LORD.

"PROSPECT POINT," LANDOUR, N. INDIA, June 18th, 1885. DEAR INTERIOR.—Until I get done with Italy you need not expect much from India, even had I anything to report. Our life is a very quiet, waiting one just now. The plains are burning up in the fiery heat; gasping residents longing for the welcome Monsoon, that will bring the rains to temper the fierce power of the scorching winds, as well as start the shrunken vegetation into fresh existence. The "rainy season" is India's life. It will not be so pleasant on the hills as the dry, but for others we wish it may come when the time comes. All well and happy. Praise the LORD. Ever in Jesus, GEO. O. BARNES.

ROME, Feb. 24th, '85.—I forgot in yesterday's record, our visit to the Pantheon, which we took in after our lunch. The only ancient edifice in Rome with walls and roof perfectly preserved. When one thinks that it was erected 27 years before the beginning of the christian era, it is simply marvellous how it escaped Goth and Vandal and Lombard as it has. For 1,800 years it has been a church; before that a heathen temple. The son-in-law of that Cæsar Augustus, who ordered "the world to be taxed," Luke II, built it and a colossal statue of that Emperor once adorned its ample portico. The peculiarity of the great building is one, I have only seen in it—it is lighted by a single circular aperture in the centre of the dome. The effect is very peculiar. It looks as if the dome had been left incomplete; but the light is very fine. Victor Emmanuel lies buried here; his vault is loaded with chaplets and ornamental wreaths. United Italy's first King, is enshrined in the hearts of his people. And he was worthy of their homage. A straightforward, brave, unselfish gentleman, who lived for Italy; and left behind him a grand name. This ancient temple is a fitting mausoleum for the worthy monarch.

Raphael lies on the other side of the great altar. Only 37, as his tomb informs us, when death claimed this prince of artists. England has just bought one of his paintings for 70,000 pounds sterling—\$350,000. No so prodigious a price did ever painting bring before.

We were told that a visit to the Pantheon by moonlight is most impressive, and in some respects even more so than the Colosseum, but we did not go back. It is a sturdy structure with brick walls 20 feet thick, once covered with costly, polished marble slabs; but these have long since been stripped and scattered.

Our fourth and last day in Rome was a very full one. First we drove to the Baths of Caracalla—a wonderful ruin, where the officials keep an eye on you lest you pocket the mosaics that are scattered around by the thousand. Here, acres of pavement were all in mosaics, and these pretty inch square marbles, nearly 2,000 years old, are perpetually becoming loosened under the tread of so many thousands of visitors, presenting a great temptation to "petit larceny." Room for 1,000 bathers at once. Built 1,650 years ago—begun by one Emperor, continued by another; finished by a third. Magnificence so unparalleled must needs consume 3 lives to complete it. I pity the first poor fellow, giving his name to them, but never looking on his finished baths. 360 yards in length, the same in breadth in the quadrangle. So many chambers that the most expert antiquarian gives out guessing and confesses utter ignorance of the uses many were put to. The heating apparatus is a marvel of ingenuity, and has quite a modern look with the hot air flues and all complete. O the millions it must have cost! Gone now to "everlasting smash;" roof fallen in, blocks and chips of exquisite marble piled here and there or ranged in rows, all that is left of the former magnificence! Some of the finest relics of the past, scattered in museums elsewhere, came from these famous baths—notably the Farnese, Hercules and Farnese Bull, known to lovers of art, and now in Naples museum.

From these indescribable Thermæ we drove to the Catacombs of Callistus. The spot is quite a drive beyond the city walls, the imperial government in the olden times being very strict in forbidding burials of any kind within the city limits. For these "Catacombs" are as is generally known, the burial places of christians of the first three or four centuries of our era; extending around the entire city in a wide circle. The heathens disposed of their dead by cremation; which fact gives its distinct Christian feature to these vast cemeteries, the extent of which is even now imperfectly known. Upwards of 40 groups of these sepulchral burrows—varying in extent—have been discovered. But only one—that of St. Callistus—has been thoroughly excavated and explored. How have these kept shape for 1,500 years, so as to admit of excavation at all? The answer to this is that nearly all the hills around Rome are formed of tufa, a soft, porous, sandstone, of volcanic origin, unfit for building purposes on account of its softness, yet perfectly adapted for these excavations for burying the dead. And here, until it became the fashion to inter near churches, the christians of the early centuries were laid away, in these remarkable subterranean passageways; through whose mazes we tumbled along after our guide in single file, till our wax tapers were exhausted. By which time we all voted that we had had enough of it and were not sorry to emerge into the air and sunlight again.

According to careful calculations of experts the aggregate superficial area of all

the Catacombs, yet discovered, would cover 600 acres; and if the whole of these underground burrows were placed in a continuous line, their total length would exceed 300 miles, which will give my readers (thanks to the guide-book) some idea of their amazing extent. These were often used as hiding places by the christians in times of persecution, and many were followed and slain in the winding ramifications of the Catacombs. In the revolution of centuries, in due time, "relic hunting" became all the rage, and saints bones are at a premium. Martyrs were common at Rome, and the Catacombs with their accumulation of holy remains became a very gold mine. The traffic in relics, would fill more books to tell it than the history of stock gambling on the Bourse, or Royal Exchange. One of the Popes, when the Pantheon became the church of "St. Maria ad Martyres" in A. D. 639, buried 28 wagon loads of holy bones, under the great altar. That a skeleton was found in Roman soil gave an odor of sanctity to it, sufficient to warrant a prompt sale; and it undoubtedly happened that many "sinners" buried in the Catacombs, because of Christian parentage or connection, became "saints" in the way of trade, and were distributed in fragments to work faecied wonders among the credulous.

#### DANVILLE, BOYLE COUNTY.

—Smiley sells the cheapest and best coal, Office corner 31 and Green streets.

—Miss Agnes Samuel, of Hot Springs Arkansas, is visiting the family of her uncle, Mr. H. F. Samuel. Mr. Wood Wallace, of Louisville, is in town. Mr. W. B. Thomas has returned from a visit to friends at Russellville.

—John W. Irvine, of this place, owns a hen which hatched out a brood of chickens the past spring. Those chicks grew rapidly to hen and roosterhood and one of them some weeks ago began laying and on the eggs so laid the old hen is now setting. Query—when the chickens come will the old hen be their ma or their grandma?

—Dr. R. W. Dunlap died Friday night at 12 o'clock at the residence of his sister, Mrs. R. R. Jones, of heart disease, of which he had suffered for many months past. Dr. Dunlap was a native of Fayette county but spent a greater part of his professional life in Danville, where he has always been regarded as a leading physician. He was married four times, his last wife, who died about a year ago, being a Lincoln county lady, Miss Bailey, who was the mother of all his surviving children save one, Maj. W. W. Dunlap, of Colorado, whose mother was a daughter of the late John McLane. Dr. Dunlap was in the 69th year of his age. The funeral occurred this morning from the Christian church and was largely attended.

—Your correspondent went to the jail this morning and had a talk with Lewis Anderson, the negro brought from Stanford last night and committed for safe keeping on a charge of committing a criminal assault on Mrs. Hyatt. Lewis claims to be totally innocent of the whole matter and went on to account for his whereabouts during the day. He says he has the highest respect for both Mr. and Mrs. Hyatt and would be the last person in world to harm either of them. He says that both he and Dan Owens and a negro woman saw two strange negro men, one taller than the other lurking near the bridge not far from Mr. Beasley's on the day of the assault. He asks for a fair investigation which he says will fully establish his innocence.

—Rev. John C. Young died suddenly Wednesday evening near Shaker Ferry under the following circumstances: He had been attending services at the High Bridge Camp Meeting and when they were concluded started to walk to Shazertown. He passed down the cliff road and crossed the ferry and had proceeded but a short distance on the way to Shakerstown when he was observed to fall. Several persons who were near at once went to him and found him unconscious and breathing heavily. He was removed to a shady place, but died in less than twenty minutes. That his death was due to excessive heat there is no reason to doubt. He had on two former occasions been prostrated by sunstroke and as Wednesday was one of the hottest days of the season and as he had been more than usually exposed to the sun, his death under the circumstances is not a matter of surprise. Mr. Young was a native of this place, being the son of the venerated President of Centre College, whose initials were the same as his. He graduated at Centre College in 1857, some of his classmates being Senator J. C. S. Blackburn, ex-Governor McCrory, ex-Senator J. H. Bruce, of Garrard, who died only a few days ago; Judge W. L. Dulaney, of Bowling Green; Judge J. K. Sumrall, of this county, and Mr. J. H. Engleman of the Farmers National bank. After leaving college Mr. Young studied theology and became one of the ablest and most eloquent ministers of the Presbyterian church. He has resided in Danville for several years past and although he has had no regular charge he has devoted much of his time to bible reading and evangelistic work. He was gifted with a marvellous memory and rare conversational powers, and these with a splendid education made him an attractive man in any company. He leaves a wife and daughter and a son to mourn his loss. The funeral will take place Friday at 3 o'clock.

—Monday was the nineteenth anniversary of the completion of the Atlantic cable, and from that day to the present there has not been one moment's interruption of communication.

—Horace Mullins shot and killed two brothers named Hawkins and wounded a third in Anderson county all with one discharge from his shot gun. The brothers had gone to his house to run him off because they objected to his visits to their sister.

## To Our Friends & Patrons:

Beginning with July 1, 1885, we announce our third year's business in Stanford. Our trade has been far beyond our expectations; a gradual increase month after month. We take this opportunity of thanking you for your very liberal patronage and assure that in our various branches our motto shall be "The Best Goods for the Least Money." Again thanking you for favors, we hope to see all of old customers and many new ones in the coming year. Respectfully,

## BRIGHT & CURRAN.

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